

THE OHIO ORGAN, OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.

ETERNAL HOSTILITY TO THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

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The Liquorish Elegy.

Not a shout was heard, nor a croaker's no.
As the cask to the Court-House we hauled;
Not a "roger" moistened his thirsty throat
From the whisky there spilled and wasted.

We buried the "critter" there, in sight
Of a goodly number of people;
By the sun's resplendent genial light,
Just in front of the Court-House steeple.

No useless murmurings there were spoke,
As we took from the wagon the barrel;
But we thought of the noses and craniums broke,
And the midnight row and quarrel.

Few and short were the jests we said,
And we thought of the toper's sorrow,
If perchance he should thump on that barrel-head,
All empty and lone, on the morrow.

We thought of rags, and squalid sheds,
And how sore and desolate would mutter,
And curses leap on our sober heads
When they smelled the fumes from the gutter.

Sadly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And of wakes and capers frisky;
And jolly good times which might have been known,
O'er that demolished barrel of whisky.

But half the liquor had gurgled out,
When the clock tolled the hour for retiring;
And we knew by a s-s-aker's random shout,
That the fox were suddenly fring.

Slowly the barrel aside we laid,
With the whisky all poured, or flung out;
We carved not the owner's name on the head,
But left it alone with the bung out.

ROTUNDA, April, 1853.

FLERIAN.

CINCINNATI, July 3, 1853.

PURB. COM.—I would inquire of Gen. Cary and other leading members of the temperance cause, whether the friends of the Maine Liquor Law propose a law in our State that shall prohibit the sale of our domestic wines, and like wines made in our neighboring States, from the pure juice of the grape. As there is a desire to increase the grape culture in our State, it is important that our vine growers should be advised on the subject. I am, myself, prepared to build a wine cellar and house, of three times the size of my present largest wine house. If the manufacture and sale of the pure juice of the grape is allowed, the day is not distant when Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and Missouri will not only supply the United States with wine, but compete in foreign countries with the vine regions of Europe. They had to go to other regions to obtain their vines. Our States abound with them; and by a selection of the best grapes in our woods, and raising new varieties from their seed, we can rival the best table grapes of Europe, and their best still and sparkling wines. Certain it is, that our grapes contain more of the saccharine principle, and make a stronger wine, that will keep in casks in a cool cellar for any number of years without the addition of alcohol. The best wines of Spain and Madeira have a large addition of brandy added, to prevent their turning to vinegar. I hold that the only parts of Europe where drunkards do not abound are those portions where wine, the pure juice of the grape is so abundant that it supplies the place of tea and coffee. To satisfy our citizens of the truth of this, we require not the works of numerous travellers, as we have the fact from the pen of Professor Durbin, whose word, with us, requires no endorsement. I regret that our temperance committees have not fully advised us of their intentions. They owe it

to their own character, and the public, that we may vote advisedly next fall.
N. LONGWORTH.

COLLIER HILL, August 3, 1853.

PURB. COM.—Our esteemed and worthy fellow-citizen N. Longworth, Esq., in your excellent paper of yesterday, addresses an enquiry to me specially, and "other leading members of the temperance cause" generally, which with your leave I will answer through the medium of communication he has selected. He asks whether the friends of a prohibitory liquor law in our State, propose "to prohibit the sale of our domestic wines, and like wines made in our neighboring States from the pure juice of the grape?"

So far as I am advised of the designs of those who demand the legal extinction of the liquor traffic, it is their settled purpose to outlaw the manufacture and traffic of all alcoholic liquors as a beverage, by whatever name known and designated. Mr Longworth says (and no man has a better right to know) that "if the manufacture and sale of the pure juice of the grape is allowed, the day is not distant when Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and Missouri, will not only supply the United States with wine, but compete in foreign countries with the vine regions of Europe." That the soil and climate of these States is adapted to the culture of the vine, and that the wine manufacture may be made a source of great pecuniary profit to those engaged in it, I will not deny. This is also a great corn country, and whisky makers have in some instances accumulated great wealth. The great question with me, and those with whom I am proud to act is, what is the effect upon the physical, intellectual and moral condition of the people? We protest against that wealth and splendor which are secured by the miseries, tears and blood of society. They are as revolting as the pyramids of skulls which adorn the rude palaces of a savage King—the wretched trophies of barbarous wars.

Mr. Longworth, however, maintains that the effect of the use of domestic wines would be highly salutary, promotive of health of body and mind, and elevating to the morals of society. In other words, "if wine was so abundant as to take the place of tea and coffee, drunkenness, with all its debasing effects, would disappear. Such, he insists, is the fact in the wine growing countries of Europe. To substantiate his position, he refers to the Rev. Dr. Durbin and other travellers. On this point there is a diversity of testimony, and, however, the fact may be, more is doubtless attributable to the disposition and temperaments of the people than to the character of the alcoholic liquors used. The effects of alcohol are the same, whether it be found in "Sparkling Catawba," "Heidsieck," "Lager Beer," or "Whisky." Its introduction into the human stomach, in any form, perils if it does not destroy the whole man. We are not advised that Mr. Longworth's Catawba (when fermented) has any other

remarkable property besides Alcohol. It is probably disguised under a very grateful and palatable aroma, but it is only poison "in a sugar coated pill."

We suppose the hills of Judea and Palestine raised as good "Catawba," as the hills around Cincinnati now furnish. The process of distillation in the days of the Patriarchs and and Prophets was unknown, and we would prefer their testimony, as to the effect of wine drinking to that of Dr. Durbin, and especially when their evidence is corroborated by all the known laws of the animal economy.

From the day that good old Noah, who "walked with God," planted his vineyard, drank wine, and was drunken, to the day that Mr. Longworth built his vast wine cellar, wine has been one of the mightiest agents in producing individual degradation and public mischief. The inventive genius of man, as displayed in constructing a distillery and sending out raw whisky, has done nothing more than to concentrate or condense the damning poison.

In the very beginning of the Aaronic priesthood, God himself affixed the penalty of death to the crime of drinking wine by those who officiated in the tabernacle. Why make "it a statute throughout all generations" if wine was nutritious to body and soul? The great curse pronounced upon the Children of Israel for their disobedience, when God declared that he would reduce them to the condition of the "rotten girdle" that Jeremiah had buried by the "river Euphrates," was, that "every bottle" should be filled with wine. Mr. Longworth would say that such an occurrence now, an interposition of Providence that would "fill every bottle with wine" would be a great blessing.

The wise man declared not that whisky but wine, "sparkling Catawba," if you please, produces *woe, sorrows, babbings, contentions, wounds without cause, redness of eyes.* That wine that "giveth its color in the cup," that "moveth itself aright" (undergoes a fermentation,) we are cautioned not "to look upon," because "at last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." "Wine is a mocker," a deceiver, said Solomon, and we have no evidence that its character has changed.

Better men than I profess to be, have in every age since Noah, affirmed the truth of what Solomon uttered. The first divorce of which we have a record in the word of God, was caused by wine; and from the days of Ahasuerus, King of the Medes and Persians, to the days of Louis Napoleon, Prince President of France, it has been disturbing the relation of husband and wife. Any one who will take the trouble to read sacred history will find that wine built the first gallows on record, and that it was the cause of the slaughter of seventy five thousand innocent Jews in one day, under the reign of Ahasuerus. All the way along, the history of wine has been a history of blood.

Such was its known character that God, by His Holy Prophet, ages ago,

before there was any "distilled damnation," when there was nothing but "sparkling Catawba" known, "We unto him that giveth drink to his neighbor, that putteth the bottle to him, that maketh him drunken."

I should perhaps, trespass, gentlemen, upon your generosity and the patience of your readers, by extending this article, and I will close by remarking, that when Mr. Longworth shall show by chemical analysis, that Catawba is not alcoholic in its character, or that being alcoholic is so disguised with other substances, as to be harmless, that it, in other words, is entirely different in its character and effects from that which deceived Noah, and the men of every subsequent generation to the present, then the friends of temperance will cease to demand its outlawry as an article of traffic.

"Salus populi suprema lex," is our motto. The traffic in alcoholic liquors endangers the health and life, corrupts the morals, and perils the peace of society, and hence must cease. Every friend of civil liberty should unite with us in bringing this great destroyer to justice.

Yours, for God and Humanity,
S. F. CARY.

CONCERNED EGG.—At breakfast, one morning, in a quiet and comfortable old inn, a foreigner made quick dispatch with the eggs. Thrusting his spoon into the middle, he drew out the yolk, devoured it, and passed on to the next. When he had got to his seventh egg, an old farmer, who had already been prejudiced against Monsieur by his mustaches, could brook the extravagance no longer, and speaking up, said:

"Why, sir, you leave all the white! How is Mrs. Lookwood to afford to provide breakfast at that rate?"

"Vy," replied the outside barbarian, "you wouldn't hab me eat de vitel! De yolk is de chicken; de vitel is de fudgers. Ah! I make you bolster of my stomache."

FASHION—WHAT SHE DOES.—Fashion rules the world, and a most tyrannical mistress she is, compelling people to submit to the most inconceivable things, imaginable, for fashion's sake.

She pinches our feet with tight shoes, or chokes us with a tight neck handkerchief, or squeezes the breath out of our body by tight lacing.

She makes people sit up at night when they ought to be in bed, and keeps them in bed in the morning when they ought to be up and doing.

She makes it vulgar to wait on ourselves, and genteel to live idle and useless.

She makes people visit when they would rather stay at home, eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not thirsty.

She invades our pleasure and interrupts our business.

She compels people to dress gaily, whether upon their property or that of others; whether agreeable to the Word of God or the dictates of pride.

She ruins health and produces sickness, destroys life and occasions death.

She makes foolish parents, invalids of children, and servants of all.

She is a tormentor of conscience, despoiler of morality; an enemy of religion; and no one can be her companion and enjoy either.

She is a despot of the highest grade, full of intrigue and cunning; she yet husband, wives father, mothers, sons, daughters, and servants, black and white, voluntarily have become her obedient servant and slaves, and vie with one another to see who shall be most obsequious.—Glean.

DEATH OF DR. BROWN.—The venerable Matthew Brown, D.D., for many years President of Jefferson College, died at Pittsburgh on Friday last. Dr. B. had attained to the ripe age of eighty.